

Computer Repair: Chapter Two:

I walked Bella back to her truck after we had... *finished up* for the second time. It was much quicker, though. We were a bit worried about being caught by someone more *important*... like my mother. I had already strapped her computer into her car, but I was stalling for more time. I was still worried it was a dream, and if she drove away, everything would all disappear.

"So," Bella said with a little smile on her face, her hand still in my own. It seemed like she didn't want to leave either.

"So." I smiled right at her like a giant dope.

"So, I was kind of wondering... Well, hoping really, that maybe you'd like to come to have lunch with me tomorrow?" She said in a soft voice that made my heart skip about fifty beats.

"Really?" I asked in surprise.

"Yeah, if you haven't noticed... I kind of like you, a lot," Bella said with a half smile, her back pressed up against the side of the dirty red truck.

"Really?" I asked again. I knew we just had sex, but the fact that she liked me boggled my mind.

"Oh, yes," she said, moving her hands up my arms slowly until they were wrapped around my neck. "I've liked you for a very long time. Since the very first time that I saw you in biology class. I know it's not exactly as long as you but," she gave me a beautiful smile when she paused, "I think you can forgive me the thirty minutes."

"I think I could forgive you anything." I smiled at her, leaning down to kiss her lips. We stood there for a long moment, just kissing again. My lips traveled down her neck, kissing at her collarbone eagerly.

"So, tomorrow?" Bella asked breathlessly.

"Tomorrow? Do we have to wait that long?" I said, nipping at her shoulder. Bella laughed and pushed at my head. I pulled away finally, smiling bashfully. "Sorry."

"Don't apologize for that," she said as her fingers dragged over my jaw. "I love it... I just suspect that we don't have much more alone time left."

Just as she said that my mother pulled into the garage. I don't think she had seen me yet, though. I would have known instantly if she had. I pressed my lips to Bella's again quickly before opening her door for her. "Should I pick you up at eleven thirty?"

"That would be great." Bella smiled as she brought the truck to life and gave me a wild smile. "Oh," she said as she pulled out a marker from beside her. "This is my cell phone number." She wrote the number out on my hand. "I'm not sure if you have it or not, but why don't you call me later?"

"I'd love that." I smiled before telling her my goodbyes. I shut the door and watched in a pout as she drove off. Walking into the garage, I resigned myself to helping my mother put the groceries away.

"Who was that?" My mom asked as she pulled out the cloth bags from the trunk.

I could have lied, but I knew it would bite me in the ass if I did so. "Bella Swan. You know, the chief of police's daughter. I fixed her computer for her."

"That's very nice of you," my mom gave me a sweet smile before pressing a kiss to my forehead. I probably smelled heavily of her perfume. Luckily for me, she didn't say anything. "Why don't you take the waters in for me? I need a nice strong boy for that."

"Emmett's at Rosalie's." I smirked at her.

"Har har," my mother scoffed. "You'll do in a pinch." She swatted me along. I laughed and picked up the huge case, putting it on my shoulder. I might not have been stronger than Emmett, but I could hold my own.

"I'm glad I'm around to be your grunt," I said sarcastically, following her into the kitchen.

"You know, for a grunt, you sure talk a lot," she teased wickedly. I loved my mom's sense of humor. I think it's where I got my own. It was so dry, and she said it with such a perfect smile.

"Uhhhh... uuuurrrr...grrrooo..." I slurred out, dropping the water onto the counter. "Un, mistress of the home, what else do you require?"

"I need you to stop playing so many video games." She rolled her eyes at my sarcasm. "And, go get the sodas out the trunk."

I bowed my head dramatically and pretend to limp off. I felt something light hit my back, and I realized it was one of the cloth bags. "Hey! No real violence," I shouted behind me. "Only virtual violence."

"Oh yes, because that's so much better," she laughed. I smiled, walking back to get the sodas as she had asked. Emmett leaned against the trunk, his arms crossed over his massive chest as he smiled.

Dammit...

"So... baby brother... how are *you* doing today?" He asked as he wiggled his eyebrows.

"I'm perfect, so don't ruin it for me," I said in a dangerously low voice.

He put his hands up quickly in defense. "I won't say a word. Promise."

I nodded my head, picking up a couple of bags and leaving the heavy stuff to him. "Thanks," I said quietly.

"Hey, what are brothers for?" He grinned before he began again, "so, Bella Swan?"

I rubbed the back of my neck and grinned, unable to hide my blush. "Yeah, crazy, huh? I wonder why she'd go for a guy like me."

"Hey, look- I may make fun of you a lot and call you a computer playing dweeb and a freak of nature, which you are, but you're still a good guy. And, you share genes with me. So you can't be half bad looking. Not that I'd look at you, but I can see why she might go for you," Emmett said in his weird reassuring sort of way. I gave a little laugh and smiled at him.

"Uh... Thanks, jock strap," I said, breaking up the male bonding moment. We both needed it. I knew neither of us was that comfortable with this flowery friendly talk.

"You are very welcome, four eyes."

"Aw, you're bonding," my mother said teasingly, calling us out perfectly, as I set the bags onto the counter. Emmett plopped down the sodas, sitting himself down at the island. "How's Rosalie?"

"She's good. She's all excited about the start of football season. Cheerleading and all that. Oh, by the way, Ed, Bella's on the team with Rose this year. I wasn't sure if you knew that or not."

"Bella, as in the girl you helped with the computer?" Mom asked with curiosity. I shot him a glare, but he just shrugged. I knew he wasn't really saying anything that would lead her to think we were together. Probably the opposite. What would a cheerleader want with me?

"Uh, yeah," I answered with a shrug. I could feel the heat dancing on my cheeks.

"Oh, is she a friend of yours? I've never met her before. You should invite her for dinner," she began, doing it at almost hummingbird speeds. *So, that's where Alice got it from...*

"Slow down there. Don't get too excited." I rolled my eyes, picking up an apple she had gotten at the store. I wiped it clean on my shirt and twirled it between my fingers. "I just fixed her computer. I'm not sure if that makes us friends or not."

"Ah, Bella's not like those other snobby bitches," Emmett said, yanking the apple from my grasp and taking a massive bite out of it before handing it back. I frowned and gave it back to him.

"Emmett, language," Mom sighed at him. It wasn't something that she was going to fix, but she still had to try. Emmett didn't really listen to anyone but Rosalie, and she cursed like a sailor.

"Yeah, you damned apple stealing savage," I mumbled under my breath.

"You behave too, mister." My mom raised an eyebrow to challenge me before turning to look at my brother.

"Sorry," we mumbled at the same time.

"Go, wash up. You two are going to help me make dinner," she directed, her hands on her hips as she waited for our complaints. Of course, we didn't disappoint.

"Where are you off to?" My mom asked as I practically hopped down the stairs the next day. It was around ten forty-five, and I was leaving to meet Bella for lunch. I was already on cloud nine. "You look very nice," she complimented when I came to a stop in front of her.

For once, I really tried to look well dressed. I wore clean khaki cargo pants that were still new enough that my converse hadn't rubbed a hole in the hem yet. I was wearing a pressed white shirt over a brand new gray tee shirt which matched the steel frames of my glasses. I even brushed my hair, so it was all in one direction.

"Thanks..." I smiled at her until I realized that she wanted me to answer her question. "I'm going to lunch with a friend."

"A female friend?" She asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Mom, please," I muttered, looking away in embarrassment.

"Please what?" She smiled, straightening the lapel of my shirt. "You wouldn't dress this nicely for any guy. Is it for this Bella girl that Emmett was talking about?" My nonanswer said everything. "Fine then, don't tell me about her. If you're dating, you'll have to introduce me sometime."

"We're not dating," I answered in a frown.

"Oh? Really? Is this because of her or you?"

"Mom," I sighed again, but she wasn't going to let this go. "We just really started talking. When I know something, I'll let you know. Okay?"

She sighed heavily and nodded her head. Alice, my baby sister of nine months, bounced down the stairs behind us. She whistled when she took in my appearance, "lookin' sexy."

"Thanks," I scoffed at her, picking up my keys and shoving them in my pocket before grabbing my wallet.

"Where are you off to?" She asked.

"What? Is it interrogate Edward day?" I said in annoyance. Why couldn't they just leave me alone about this? Lord knows Mom would fill her in later and ask my sister for everything she knew.

"Edward is going to meet a girl," my mom said proudly. Like it was an achievement or something. I guess for me it kind of was, but that wasn't the point.

"Oh! Who?" Alice clapped her hands and bounced on her heels, smiling happily at the news.

"Her name is Bella," Mom said before I could tell them to both butt out. Alice squealed and clapped her hands together even harder.

"Oh! I love Bella! She's so smart! And she's funny, too. And, sweet. Besides Rosalie and Angela, she's the only other cheerleader I like. When did you two hook up?"

My face instantly flushed. I turned quickly before they could see me, frowning at my lack of control on the subject. "You know, you two sound like a couple of gossipy old biddies," I said sarcastically as I walked out the door. "Have fun and gossip without me here, please."

"I am not old!" My mother called after me.

I couldn't help but laugh and wave my hand behind me.

I knew where Bella lived, not that I stalked her or anything. There weren't that many houses in the area, and hers was off the main route surrounded by the forest on the edge of town. Besides, I drove past it on my way to school every single day, and it was hard to miss the police cruiser. Which, thankfully for me, was missing when I arrived. Bella's rusty truck sat in the driveway, telling me that I was in the exact right place.

I took a deep breath and then frowned before I popped a mint into my mouth. I was probably acting like an idiot, but I couldn't help it. I closed my eyes and began to reassure myself.

I will not fall and bust my ass. I will not make a fool out of myself. I will not embarrass myself.

It wasn't working. I should have been just happy that I got to have the day before with her. I couldn't expect anything better than that. You can't expect anything better than perfection.

I continued to take deep soothing breaths with my eyes closed, trying to calm my racing heartbeat.

So, when there was a loud tap on my window, I nearly jumped a mile high.

"Jesus Christ!" I shouted in surprise, my eyes popping open as my head bounced against the roof of my car. Bella stood outside my door with an odd expression on her face. It was a mix of worry and

amusement. "Sorry," I said as I opened my door.

"It's okay. Are you alright, though?" She asked nervously, backing up so I could step out of the car.

"Yeah, I'm good," I muttered as I rubbed the back of my head gingerly. For once, it was warm outside, or as warm as it got in Forks, and it wasn't raining. Bella was wearing a short plaid skirt with knees socks like out of some dirty fantasy of mine. To top it all off, she was wearing a rather tight black shirt that said 'rock and roll' on it in silver. "You look like a dream," I spouted out before I could stop myself.

Bella blushed, looking down at her feet with a small smile, "a good dream?"

"A wet one," I replied with a nervous chuckle, making her laugh.

"Should I change?" She asked nervously.

"No, please... don't. Just don't be surprised if I have to... um, adjust... *myself*- a lot," I told her truthfully. She smiled a bit wider and took a step closer to me, all but pressing her body to mine.

"That reminds me... I haven't gotten to kiss you yet today. Where is my hello kiss?" She asked wickedly.

I closed the distance between us, placing my hands on her cheeks as I leaned down. I was soaring already. She wanted me to kiss her again. She was even looking forward to it! My lips instantly molded to hers, and I could taste the mint of her toothpaste still sweet on her tongue. Bella hummed loudly, her body pressing against mine with her head tilted up and her arms wrapped around my waist.

"Hello," I whispered as I pulled away.

"Hi," she grinned, her chin against my chest as she looked up at me with fluttering eyelashes. "Are you hungry?"

"Yeah. I skipped breakfast this morning. Where would you like to go? I have all day so we could even go to Seattle if you wanted. Or, Port Angeles. Whatever you want is fine with me. Personally, I-" I began, but Bella covered my mouth with her tiny little hand. I kissed her fingertips, unable to stop myself.

"I was hoping to cook for you. I kind of wanted to be alone with you. Charlie won't be home until after dark probably so we have the house to ourselves."

"Charlie?" I asked in confusion.

"Yeah, my dad..." She shrugged. "He went fishing. So, why don't we go inside?"

"Oh, sure... That sounds great," I said as she took my hand, leading me into her home.

The house was modest, to say the least. It was hard to tell a girl even lived there other than the fact that it was immaculate. Bella led me into the kitchen, totally skipping the living room. The cabinets were a too bright yellow, chipping and peeling with time. The countertops were an odd color of green, also too bright. The only new thing was the refrigerator.

"I was thinking Mexican unless you don't like it. I just don't get to have it too often. There aren't any good Mexican places around here, and Charlie doesn't like spicy stuff too much. I mean-" It was my turn to cover her mouth with my hand. She smiled, turning her cheek, so it was in my hand. "I'll make anything you like."

"I'm sure whatever you make will be great," I told her, brushing my fingers down her jaw.

"Taco Salads?" She offered.

"Yum." I smiled, leaning down to kiss her slowly. She melted against me, her hands resting on my hips. "What can I do to help?"

"You don't have to do anything," Bella said very seriously. "I invited you over."

"You helped yesterday. I want to help today. So, tell me, mi'lady, what shall I do to help?" I said with a stupid sweeping gesture. Bella laughed, her hands grasped in front of her face in cringey amusement.

"Can you chop?"

The time we spent cooking together flowed by quickly. It was so easy to talk to Bella. She was so passionate about so many things, and she was so kind. She never made fun of me cruelly, and if she did tease me, she finished it off with a kiss. If she was going to tease me like that she could do it all damn day long. Every once in a while she would bump against me, touching me, or I would steal kisses. I couldn't help it. Eventually, she pulled off her shoes and practically slipped and slid against the tile floor as she danced from the counter to the stove or oven.

Finally, after about an hour, the food was done. Bella didn't do anything halfway. She made her own creamy dressing, roasted peppers, and made her own seasoning for the ground pork she had in them. Bella set up the table prettily, everything arranged just for us. Tortilla bowls, ground pork, lettuce, tomatoes, onions, roasted red and green peppers, sour cream, shredded cheese and finally the dressing, along with some sort of soda with Spanish writing on it.

"What are these?" I asked as I took in the deep green appearance.

"Spanish Lime Soda. They're kind of hard to come by so I save them for special occasions. They come in all different flavors. My mom sends them to me from Florida. They're my favorite," Bella explained as she began to put things on her plate. I followed suit.

"You know, you don't have to waste on me. I don't mind drinking water or milk," I said, touched that she would do that for me.

"Edward, I would count this as a special occasion." She told me as she handed me the bottle opener. I looked at it in confusion until I realized that it wasn't a twist top.

"And, why is that?" I asked seriously.

"Because I'm with you," Bella said with a soft smile that tugged at her full pretty lips. I wanted to kiss them so badly. Instead, I reached over and stroked her cheek.

"Okay," I said, popping the top on mine and then did hers. I picked up my drink as she took her own. "Cheers," I said, clinking the glass bottle against hers.

I was hypnotized by the way her lips shaped around the bottle top. A tiny drop of green liquid lingered on the corner, and her tongue flicked it away before pulling back into her mouth. "What do you think?" She asked.

I think I am too hard over something so innocent.

I took a quick swig and nearly choked on it. It was really sweet, but it tasted pretty good. "Not the tastiest thing I've tasted today, but not bad at all," I told her truthfully. She scrunched up her eyebrows in confusion.

"You don't like it?"

"No, I do." I smiled, taking her hand and kissing her knuckles lightly. "Just nothing taste as good as you."

Bella smiled, blushing a deep shade as she looked away. "Come on, let's eat before it gets cold," she said shyly. I nodded my head and dug into my food.

After we ate Bella suggested we watch a movie. I had no problems with that. It wasn't exactly what I wanted to do, but since what I wanted to do was triple X rated, I thought I should keep my suggestions to myself. I didn't want to seem like too much of a horny pervert.

"Anything you want to watch?" Bella offered when I plopped down on the couch, leaning against the armrest. There wasn't a huge movie collection, and what there was were mostly guy flicks. I didn't want to pick out anything she disliked, so I just shook my head.

"You choose," I offered. "I'm not picky."

She plucked something from the stack and placed it in the DVD player before coming to sit with me on the couch. I opened my arms to her, and she crawled into them eagerly. She laid back against my chest as she grabbed the remote and a throw blanket off the back of the couch. Bella snuggled in against

me, making sure to brush her ass against me in every possible way as she got comfortable. I'm pretty sure I was stabbing her thigh by the time she was all arranged.

"Romeo and Juliet?" I asked in when the movie finally started.

"It's my favorite. I hope you don't mind," Bella said, looking over her shoulder at me. "I can change it if you want."

"No. It's just ironic is all," I explained, pushing her hair away from her neck.

"Why is it ironic?" She said as the narrator began the who 'Two households' thing.

"I'd say we're pretty star-crossed, don't you think?"

"Our parents don't hate each other," Bella pointed out, but I shook my head.

"Our friends. Our groups. We're completely different," I said in sadness. It hit me somewhat hard that the happy little bubble I had created for us would pop when we went back to school. The weekend was almost over.

"We're not that different," she said as she rolled over onto her stomach, pressing against me completely. My arms tightened around her waist, wishing that were really true. "Edward, we're not," Bella tried to reassure me.

"How are we alike?" I asked, seriously.

"Well, I think we're both rather smart. We both like music. And I think we have similar tastes in food. And you know, I'm sure there are some things we have in common that we haven't figured out yet," she leaned forward and lightly kissed my neck. I sighed, turning my face towards hers to kiss her forehead. "But, the things we don't have in common don't matter. Edward, it's what makes us interesting people. I love that you're into computers. I love that you're not a jock. I love that you have that dry sense of humor that always makes me laugh."

"Really?" I asked in surprise. "I thought cheerleaders were supposed to go for the jocks."

"Jocks tend to be big ass jerks who think too much of themselves. Emmett's not so bad, but..."

"Emmett is that bad," I laughed, tugging on her hair playfully. "But, he's a nice guy. But, I guess I can see where you're coming from. By the way, I'm not totally sports free."

"Oh, really?" She said in polite curiosity.

"Yup. I love baseball and camping. And I've been into martial arts since I was seven."

"Wow, that explains why you're so solid," Bella muttered to herself as her hand trailed down my stomach. I closed my eyes and took in a deep breath. "But, that doesn't make you a jock."

"And, that's a good thing?" I wanted to confirm.

Bella nodded with a smile as she lifted up and kissed my lips softly. My fingers wound into her hair, my other hand going to her back to massage it gently. She hummed against my mouth, her body fitting perfectly between my legs. She felt so good there. It just felt so right.

After a few minutes, Bella rolled over again, laying between my legs with her head on my shoulder, my arms around her waist. "Romeo is kind of a dumbass, though."

"Why do you say that?" Her voice was a little angry.

"There is nothing in this world that would keep me away from you if you wanted me. He did everything wrong. He should have stolen away Juliet in the night, and they could have lived out their lives somewhere instead of fighting with her cousin," I said, struggling to explain. I didn't want to upset her over something so silly.

"Oh," she breathed, her voice softened. "You're a sweetheart."

"No, I'm not. It's the truth..." I pressed another kiss to her cheek and held her tightly against me. We didn't talk much after that, Bella was too much into the movie, and I was too much into her. I didn't realize she was asleep until a soft snore left her lips. I couldn't help but laugh.

"What?" She mumbled, curling into me slightly with a yawn. I guess my laughing woke her up.

"Comfy?" I asked, still chuckling as I played with her hair.

"Very. Be better if we were in bed nude, though."

"Oh," I groaned, feeling my hard-on instantly begin to press against my khakis. It was Bella's turn to giggle, wiggling against my aching arousal. "You're doing it on purpose," I accused her.

"Only a little," she said as she stretched out. "I love being able to tell that you're attracted to me. I wish it were just as easy to show you that I was attracted to you."

"Are you?" I asked quietly, my hand grazing her stomach in a slow rub. She squirmed a little underneath me before taking my hand and sliding it between her legs. She spread them slightly, guiding my fingers right to where she wanted. Her panties were thoroughly drenched. "Fuck, you're wet..."

"I'm *very* attracted to you. I wanted to jump you all through dinner," she purred, pressing my fingers against her panties and grinding herself against them. I moaned, moving my fingers in a circle against the sensitive mound. "Oh, yes..."

Bella moved her hand away from my fingers and grabbed a handful of my hair. She brought my head down so I could kiss her as she tilted her head towards me. I eagerly obliged, my tongue snaking out to take in hers. My other hand wandered to her breast, grabbing and massaging it through the bra as my other hand slipped underneath her panties. She gasped before she began to roll her hips against them, which just happened to rub against my erection.

"Is this okay?" I asked breathlessly. "Am I doing alright?"

"For the love of god, don't stop," Bella whimpered, her other hand going to her other breast.

She moved against me without even knowing it, her ass grounding against me as I worked her wet skin. I was in heaven. She called out my name between kisses, her eyes screwed so tightly shut that I would be surprised if she could open them when we were done. I pinched her clit between my thumb and forefinger, tugging on it gently. Bella whimpered, throwing her head back as she began to lose herself.

"I'm going to cum all over your ass if you don't sit still," I warned quietly.

Unexpectedly her hand moved between us to undo my pants and pull me out of boxers. I gasped as her warm fingers went around me, guiding me out into the open. Slowly she turned around, pulling off her panties and tossing them to the side before straddling my waist. "I want to do something... is that okay?"

"You can do whatever you want," I told her breathlessly, loving the way her warm center felt against me.

Bella brought her hand between us again and took a hold of me, guiding it between her legs. I wasn't sure what she was doing until I felt her twist her hand around me, pumping me as she rubbed my head against her clit. With her other hand, she tugging her shirt over her breasts, exposing them to me.

"Oh, god," I groaned, leaning forward to tug one of the cups of her bra downward before wrapping my lips around her nipple. One arm wrapped around her waist as the other held her breast firmly so that I could lick, kiss, and nip at it just the right way.

She kept herself upright with a hand on the back of my head, keeping me exactly where she wanted me. I could have stayed there all day, but I was quickly going to go over the edge again. "I'm-I-I..." I began to stutter, "I'm going to cum, Bella."

"Yes! *Please*," she panted. "Cum on me."

I shouted against her breast in pleasure, my orgasm gushing out of me and spreading all over her thighs. Much to my surprise, I felt Bella jerk and shutter against me while her own hot liquid seeped down me.

"I've gotten you all messy," was the only thing I could get out. Bella just laughed breathlessly,

continuing to hold onto me.

"I like it," she said against the top of my head.

"Me too." I smiled, holding her waist with my face still pressed against her breast. "But I think we need to get you cleaned up."

She walked with me up the stairs to her room, where she pulled out a pair of jeans before going to the bathroom real quick. I went after her, making sure to clean myself up and making sure I didn't have any tell-tale signs on my pants. When I came back in, I was greeted with the perfect view.

Bella bent over with no skirt or panties on while she pulled up her pants.

*I am a lucky, **lucky** boy.*

"None of my fantasies have compared to the reality," I blurted out. Bella turned around with a smile on her face as she buttoned the jeans. They were tight around her body, hugging snugly to her features.

"You fantasize about me?"

"Frequently," I breathed quietly as she walked up to me. She wrapped her arms around my waist tightly.

"Nice to know we have that little thing in common," she giggled at me.

"Well, if I had an ass like that I'd fantasize about it too," I teased. Bella swatted at my shoulder, and I laughed as hugged her to me.

"No, fool. I fantasize about you."

I took off my glasses and placed them on her face. "Here, I think you need these more than I do. You must be blind."

Bella took off the glasses with a serious expression on her face. Slowly she leaned up and kissed me firmly, putting a lot of emotions in it that I didn't understand. I held her back, never wanting to let go.

"Don't put yourself down, Edward. Please?"

"Does it bother you?" I asked quietly. She nodded, her big brown eyes peering into mine. "Then I won't do it anymore. It's a hard habit to break, though."

"Maybe if I keep telling you how wonderful you are and how much I like you, it'll get easier."

"I don't believe you, but it's sweet all the same." I pressed a kiss to her forehead.

Bella huffed and frowned, pouting out her bottom lip but she didn't say anything else. Instead, she took my hand and led me back downstairs. We were just about to start another movie when I heard the door open and close. I looked at Bella with wide eyes.

"Charlie," she explained. I stood up quickly, surprised for some reason. I was sure we would be caught, and I was looking for evidence that we might have left behind. When I looked down, I realized that Bella's panties were still on the floor. Snatching them up, I shoved them into my pocket just as he walked into the room. "Hey Dad," Bella called, standing up as well.

"Hello." He looked at me in confusion.

"Um, hi Chief Swan," I babbled out.

"Dad, this is Edward. You know the guy that made my computer faster for me," Bella explained with a smile.

"Oh! Right, right! Nice to meet you," Charlie said, holding out his hand so I could shake it quickly. I did so, dropping my hand down to my side nervously. "That was really nice of you."

"It was my pleasure. I'm kind of a computer nerd." I shrugged. "I love doing it. I mean, fixing computers."

I am a babbling moron.

"You know, we've been having some troubles with the computers down at the station. You should come in. I may have some work for you to do."

I looked between Charlie and Bella in surprise. She shrugged her shoulders and smiled awkwardly. "Sure, I'll have to do that. Um, I guess I should get going, Bella," I said, looking at my watch. It was just after four in the afternoon. I was kind of hoping to have more time with her, but I didn't feel comfortable with her father around. Besides, I needed to get home for dinner.

"Okay," Bella said sadly.

"I'll see you at school?" I said with a hopeful smile. I was kind of worried about what school would bring, but I could only be happy with what I had.

"Of course!" Bella grinned. "Why don't I walk you to your car?"

"Nice to meet you, Chief Swan," I called out before I left, Bella following behind me as I made my way to the car. It was starting to turn a little dark, the clouds beginning to roll in. It was supposed to be rainy all the following week. "Thank you for lunch."

“It was my pleasure,” she said, repeating my words from earlier to me. “Thanks for stopping by.”

I leaned down and pressed my lips to her forehead before kissing the tip of her nose. I let my lips linger away from hers, letting her decide if she wanted to be kissed that way or not. Bella reached up on her tiptoes, closing the distance between us. I smiled, placing one more chaste kiss on her lips before pulling away. “Talk to you later.”

“Alright, Edward. Bye,” she breathed, backing away from the car as I got inside. She waved as I backed out and I could see in the rearview mirror that she stood in the driveway. She was there until I pulled out of sight of the house.